

ROBT. NAPPER

Manufacturer of
Wagons, Buggies, Etc.



ALSO
GENERAL BLACKSMITH.

Wagons, Carriages, etc., Repainted in
First Class Manner.

All Work Warranted.
Corner of Third and Chisholm Streets.

J. E. FIELD & CO.

Pure
DRUGS and MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles,
Perfumeries, Toilet Soaps, Etc.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
119 Second Street.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BAR-
GAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

Has Cream Balm For
CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELIXIR NOTICE.
STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Department of State, Lansing, Mich., 1923.

To the Electors of the County of Alpena:
You are hereby notified that at the
General election to be held in this State, on Monday,
the 30th day of April, next, the following officers are
to be elected, viz:
An Associate Justice of the Supreme Court,
in place of Frank A. Hopper, whose term of office
will expire December 31, 1923.
Also two Regents of the University in place of
Herman Kottler and Charles H. Whitman, whose
terms of office will expire December 31, 1923. Also
a Circuit Judge for the 26th Judicial Circuit to
which your County is attached.
Also an amendment to Section 9, Article 14, of
the Constitution of this State relating to the
method of electing judges.
Also an amendment to Section 1, Article 9, of
the Constitution of this State relating to the
method of electing judges.
In testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my
hand and the Great Seal of the State of
Michigan, at Lansing, the day and date first above
written.
(L. S.)
JOHN W. JOCHIM,
Secretary of State.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the First ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the First ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

COUNCIL ROOM.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Second ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Second ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

COUNCIL ROOM.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Third ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Third ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

COURT HOUSE.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Fourth ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Fourth ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Fifth ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Fifth ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Sixth ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Sixth ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Seventh ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Seventh ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Eighth ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Eighth ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

Registration Notice.
To the Electors of the Ninth ward of the city of
Alpena:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Regis-
tration for the Ninth ward of the city of Alpena,
will be in session at

Engine House No. 2, Fletcher Street.
In said ward, between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M.
and 8 o'clock P. M., on March 30th and 31st, and
April 1st, 1923, for the purpose of correcting and
completing the list of qualified voters in said ward.

WM. A. McDONALD,
Recorder.
Dated March 7, 1923.

ALPENX ARGUS

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY PRAIRIE ADVENTURE.

I rapped, and a voice replied,
"Come in!"—a cheery resonant
voice—"come in;" and I, half
frozen, of course went in.

As the door opened to my hand,
I beheld the rotund form of a
woman of some thirty years of
age, whose smiling countenance
welcomed me, as she placed a chair
by the fire, and with true western
hospitality invited me to take a
seat and make myself comfortable.

I accepted the invitation, and
hugging the fire as closely as a due
sense of duty to my new guests
would warrant, I informed her I had
got bewildered when the storm
came on, and the snow had covered
the always blind tracks that run
so unintelligibly over the prairies,
had lost all knowledge of the points
of the compass, had wandered on
until nearly discouraged, had hail-
ed with delight the gleam of light
from the window, struggled up to
it, and should trespass upon her
kindness for the night, and get
some of her folks to convey me to
my stopping place in the morning.

She informed me that her hus-
band had gone to the mill with a
jag of wheat, and would remain until
noon the day following, but I was
entirely welcome to such accommo-
dations and humble fare as her poor
roof could afford for the night.

The house was one of those log
buildings so common through the
western country, containing but
one large, low room on the ground
floor, clay-chinked wall, a rough
plank flooring, a bed in one corner,
and a number of treacherous looking
benches scattered promiscuously
about the apartment.

I had got so far in my survey,
when a black-haired, rosy-faced ur-
chin of some twelve winters, burst
open the door with the alarming
information that the sheep had es-
caped the fold, and had wandered
into the wood, no one knew when
or where.

With the energy and decision of
a pioneer woman of the West, my
hostess seized a cloak and hood,
told "Chris" to saddle Ned and
Bally, with a "I shan't be gone long"
to me, hurried out of the door.

Soon the soft tread of horses,
muffled by the snow, passed the
door, and melted gradually in the
distance.

Well, here was an adventure. I
was left in sole possession of the
establishment. I would make the
most of this when I reached home.
't would be worth telling.

I hugged the fire still closer in
my contentment, congratulating
myself upon the fact that I was not
the possessor of a flock of runaway
sheep, leaned my head against the
rough logs of the wall, and pre-
pared myself for a comfortable nap,
pending the search for the sheep,
which I mentally concluded would
be an unsuccessful one.

Cogitating the foolishness of sheep
in general, and this lot in particular,
I closed my eyes involuntarily, and
had nearly lost all consciousness,
when a low, smothered chuckle
from the corner by the door, where
the bed stood, caused me to open
my eyes in some haste.

I had imagined myself alone in
the house, but what could it be?
No noise—no movement for the
space of a minute or more. I sat
watching the door and listening in-
tently. Could it be that I was
dreaming when I heard the chuckle?
No 'twas too real.

A movement of the bed caught
my attention. I watched it closely.
I am not a man gifted with great
personal courage. I am constitu-
tionally nervous and timid, and
when the suppressed chuckle was
repeated, and the covering of the
bed stirred, I could not have stood
alone conveniently; my knees were
decidedly shaky.

Rooted to the chair I sat, as the
covering of the bed was removed,
and I beheld a woman of colossal
proportions rise up, and swing her
bare feet clear of the clothing, over
the side of the bed.

She gazed at me steadfastly and
wonderingly. She was a woman be-
tween fifty and sixty years of age,
strong and muscular—a perfect
giantess, large-featured (I never
shall forget that face) dark, gleam-
ing bloodshot eyes, thick, protrud-
ing lips, pallid face surrounded by
a mass of tangled, grizzly hair.

Swinging her uncovered feet on
the side of the bed, she gave one of
the most fiendish laughs I ever
heard, pointing her long, bony
fingers at me, showing a row of
large, projecting teeth.

Cold shivers of fear ran over me
from my head to my feet. I could
feel my face blanch to deathly
whiteness as she moved from the
bed, took a bench and sat down by
the door, gathering her scanty drap-
ery around her.

I looked eagerly about for some
avenue of escape. I could see none
without running the gauntlet of

"White and dazzling In the moon's fair light she looked."

Nothing remarkable about that!
She was fair to look upon, as a matter
of course; and the dazzling effect was
produced by her white robes—cleansed
and brightened by a liberal use of

KIRK'S

AMERICAN FAMILY

SOAP

That's one of the peculiarities of
KIRK'S Soaps. Clothes washed by
them always attract attention by their
purity and brightness.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Ducky Diamond Tar Soap—Washes and Cures.

None Such

CONDENSED
Mince
Meat



Makes an every-day convenience of an
old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome.
Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest
award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each
package makes two large pies. Avoid
imitations—insist on having the
NONE SUCH brand.

MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Nerve Tonic

Blood
Builder



Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont.

FRED G. WIDDIS,

Omnibus, Baggage,
Freight and Transfer
Line.

MOVER OF

Pianos, Organs, Safes, and all
Kinds of Furniture.

Telephone No. 12.

THE

ARGUS OFFICE

—IS THE—

Best Equipped

Job Printing

OFFICE

—IN—

Northern Michigan.

ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing,

—AT—

Less than Detroit Prices.

BUILD WELL

By building upon a
strong foundation.

The Country Weekly is the strong
foundation in advertising. Its influ-
ence per hundred circulation is greater
than that of any other advertising
medium.

Practically everybody in the town
reads it and is influenced by it—inter-
ested in the advertisements as well
as in the editorials and locals.

Its influence is great and continual.
More value is given by the Country
Weekly for each dollar invested, es-
pecially to yearly advertisers, than
can be procured by any other ad-
vertising.—Printers' Ink.

JOB PRINTING!

BEST ON EARTH, AT

Argus Office

—AT LESS THAN—
DETROIT PRICES.

the maniac at the door: 'twould be
certain death to attempt it. I weigh
but one hundred and ten, my persec-
utor would turn two hundred. I
glanced at the window, 'twas barred,
and I dare not turn to unfasten it.
I sat and watched my tormentor.
Thoughts of home and my quiet
fireside in the East flashed through
my brain. My past life glided be-
fore my vision as to a drowning
man; must I give up all hope?
Could I, by keeping quiet, keep her
at bay until help came? Could I
coax her? I endeavored to smile.

The moment I tried I knew I had
miserably failed, my smile must
have approached the grin of a hyena.
The fiend seemed to be agitated
by it; she shook her head in a
threatening manner, snarled and
snapped her teeth together, raised
her head, of six feet erect, and ap-
proached the fire.

I shut my eyes, and hope winged
her flight from my soul. I sat with
closed eyes for five minutes or so
awaiting the expected blow. It did
not fall. I ventured to look about
again, cautiously. She had returned
to her stool, and was passing her
right hand rapidly around her limbs
from right to left, howling like a
wolf, while her gleaming eyes
sauntered each corner of the room
in succession, to finally rest upon me.

"Hush!" said she.
Of course I hushed; in fact I had
been pretty effectually hushed for
the preceding half hour; 'twas an
unnecessary injunction, and she
ought to have known it, had she
had her reason perhaps she would.

She quitted herself at this, and ap-
peared to be listening also, and I
distinctly heard in the wall, or on
the outside of the logs, a grating
noise like the rasping of a file.

Oh, God! I see it all now 'tis
daylight clear; I had fallen into a
den of thieves, who kept this she
tiger to destroy their victims, the
lost sheep was a ruse, the band was
close at hand, and the noise was a
signal for her to finish her bloody
work.

The mysterious movement of her
hands, her wild startled look around
the room was repeated, and she
shook her scanty night-dress fier-
cely, and trotted her limbs up and
down as though she stood on hot
iron, moaning and howling at times,
threatening me at times by look
and gesture.

How long could I endure this?
I began to wish it over, to welcome
even death to this suspense. Ten
minutes more—it seemed an age—
I felt as though years had passed
since I stopped at that house. My
hair had turned prematurely gray,
most assuredly; I watched her with
the intensity of extreme fear.
She seemed making up her mind, to
some new deviltry, she stood up,
nodded her head, advanced to the
wall, opened a small door that had
heretofore escaped my notice, ap-
pearing to search for something
and finally drew out a knife, a most
murderous looking weapon, and
brandished it aloft with a wild, ex-
ultant shout of triumph. It was
all over at last, my time had come;
a satisfied chuckle and she turned
upon me; a million menacing fire
shot from her eye. I felt my reason
giving away; I was reconciled to
my fate, when the rapid galloping
of a horse was heard outside, and a
moment after my hostess appeared
at the door.

The maniac settled down on the
bed and hid the knife under the
clothes, running her hands round
her feet in the old, unaccountable
manner.

To say it was the happiest moment
of my life, when the hostess ap-
peared at the door, would be a faint
expression of my feelings at that
time. I could have kissed her with
joy.

Shaking the snow from her
clothes, she turned to the old woman
with what I could plainly perceive
was an anxious and relieved look,
said, "have the rats been troubling
Granny again? Well, we'll set a
trap and catch them, that we will."

With a cunning and fiendish leer
at me she replied, "Rats are more
dangerous than mice, and kittens
may get hurt." She stretched her
length on the bed, hauled the bed-
covering over her head, and dis-
appeared forever from my sight.

The relief I felt can be imagined,
not described; my nervous system
had received a shock I have not got
over to this day, but every moment
I felt my strength returning. I kept
my hostess between me and the
bed, and asked in a subdued
whisper, if the pointing to the
form on the bed—wasn't a little
pointing to my head; meaning to
inquire in as gentle a manner as
possible, isn't she a raving maniac?

She laughed a jovial laugh and
said, "No! Granny is all right, but
mortally afraid of rats, and gets ex-
cited when left by herself. I hope
you won't afraid of her."

"Oh no," I replied, but my face
betrayed my words, and my involun-
tary shudder betrayed the emotions
of my mind.

We went not to bed that night,
and as the first streak of dawn
mantled the eastern sky, I announ-

What do you

Want

FOR A NICKEL?

Come to our store and we will give you ARTI-
FICIAL EYES WORTH A DIME, for a
nickel. We mean to sell goods and are bound to
get your trade, if low prices and high grade goods
can't get you. We have just replenished our
stock on our bargain table and consider that every
article thereon is worth double our asking price.
We would ask of every person that passes our
store to drop in and look our stock over. It won't
cost you anything, and we will gladly show you
through our line.

Warner & Co.

Bogus!

Bogus would have no
sale did it not
afford makers a larger profit than
Strictly Pure White Lead.

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious
white leads. The following analyses,
made by eminent chemists, of two of
these misleading brands show the
exact proportion of genuine white lead
they contain:

Misleading Brand
"Standard Lead Co. Strictly Pure White
Lead, St. Louis."
Materials Analyzed by
Bartlett 50.30 per cent. Riedel 49.50 per cent.
Outside of Zinc 31.15 per cent. A. B. Co.
White Lead 6.85 per cent. St. Louis.
Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand
"Pacific Warrented Pure (A) White Lead."
Materials Analyzed by
Bartlett 41.15 per cent. Riedel 40.50 per cent.
Outside of Zinc 31.15 per cent. A. B. Co.
White Lead 6.85 per cent. St. Louis.
Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

You can avoid bogus lead by pur-
chasing any of the following brands.
They are manufactured by the "Old
Dutch" process, and are the standards:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
"Beymer-Bauman" "Eckstein"
"Fahnestock" "Anchor"
"Kentucky" "Morley"
"Southern" "Shipman"
"Red Seal" "Collier"
"Davis-Chambers"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in
paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you
to send us for a book containing infor-
mation that may save you many a dollar. It will
only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

Chicago Branch,
State and Fifteenth Streets.

Why Suffer?

Thousands are suffering with
Torpid Liver—the symptoms are
Depression of Spirits, Indigestion,
Constipation, Headache.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator
is a reliable remedy for Liver
Disorders. It cures thousands
every year; why not try
Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator?
Your Druggist will supply you.

DO YOU

COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM

THE BEST
COUGH
CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Whoop-
ing Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. Advertis-
ment in first issue, and a new bottle is advanced
free. You will see the result and feel the benefit
after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists every-
where. Beware of cheap imitations.

VARIETY

344 Dock Street.

When you want any Goods in the
following lines, you will find it to
your interest to get our prices before
buying, as we make prices right on all
goods we handle. Fair dealing to all.

Crockery, Lamps, Glass-
ware, Silver Plated Ware,
Woodenware, Table and
Pocket Cutlery, Hardware,
Notions, Tinware, Window
Curtains, and a large assort-
ment of Dry Goods, Hosiery
and Stamped Linens. In
Stoneware we have Jugs,
Churns, Crocks and Milk
Pans, that we sell at whole-
sale and retail.

LANGWORTHY & HISER

SULPHUR

BITTERS

Cleanse

The Vitiated

Blood

When you see

Its impurities

Bursting through

The Skin

In Pimples,

Blotches

And Sores.

Rely on Sulphur Bit-
ters and Health will
follow.

Send 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co.,
Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

ed it as my purpose to depart; re-
fusing a pressing invitation to re-
main to breakfast; with "Chris" for
pilot, I left the scene of my night
of misery, with a light heart.

I finished my business arrange-
ments in the West speedily, and
hurried East as fast as possible, and
nothing could ever induce me to
visit that portion of the country
again. And often, seated here in
my cosy, comfortable study, with
the carpet flushing warmth beneath
my feet, a blazing fire in the grate,
chill shadows of fear creep over me,
as I shudderingly peer in each cor-
ner of the room for a face I remem-
bered but too well; and that night
dead long since, but to memory,
drags itself in all its miserable de-
tails before me, and I experience
again, all the miserable horrors of
my prairie adventure.

A Snake Story.

Eight years ago I took a trip up
the real "Father of Waters," the
Amazon, from Para to the mouth of
the Putumayo river, and then on
three hundred miles up that stream
into eastern Ecuador.

From Para to Bana there is a very
respectable steam-boat line. Be-
yond the latter place I proceeded
by means of a small trading steam-
er, a boat very closely akin to a
Missouri river "sidewheeler."

A jolly young Englishman, bear-
ing the uncommon name of Smith,
and myself made up the list of pas-
sengers; the crew consisted of half
a dozen negroes and nestozes, with
a French captain and an Irish en-
gineer. The Englishman was fresh
from the Paraguayan Pampas, and
while there, had learned to throw
the lasso, but for which little ac-
complishment this story would have
never been written.

No stream in